

CHANDAMAMA

JUNE 1979

458





To celebrate the International Year of the Child '79

chic-modithread
present their first ever

Children's Needlework Contest



How to enter:

This elephant design shown above is printed in the actual size in the Contest Entry Form. You may work this design or any other design of your choice in a minimum size of 12 cms x 12 cms. In embroidery, knitting, crochet, tatting, applique work or handicraft. All needlework should be done with Modithread only. Entries will be judged on neatness, beauty of design, colour combination, and stitches used. Each entry must be accompanied by the correctly filled Contest Entry Coupon and the labels of the Modithread used. Contest Entry Coupon and Rules

and Regulations are available at all Modithread dealers, Modithread Craftshops, Modithread Depots and distributors, in Chic magazine issues of April, May, June and July 1979.

Many chances to win!

The country and the contest have been divided into 20 territories with 546 prizes in each territory. The first prize winning entries of each territory will be judged for the Grand National Prizes. Send in your entry to the Modithread Depot in your territory, the address of which is given in the Rules and Regulations.

In every territory, prizes will be awarded separately for two age groups:

Age group 6 to 11 years:

Grand National Prize Chic Modithread Scholarship worth Rs. 1000/- and "Needlework Young Princess 1979 Trophy" plus a **Chicmod** hamper of dresses, toys and nursery furniture worth Rs. 1000/-.

Ten 1st Prizes **Chicmod** hampers of dresses, toys and nursery furniture. Each hamper worth Rs. 400/-.

Ten 2nd Prizes Sets of dresses from **Chic** Creations. Each set worth Rs. 300/-.

Ten 3rd Prizes Each worth Rs. 100/-.
Gift hampers of **Johnson's Baby Powder**.

Johnson's baby soap and **Johnson's** baby cream. **Trade Mark**

100 Merit Prizes Sets of Children's books from U.S.S.R. Book Centre and Lok Vangmaya. Gita (Pvt.) Ltd., Bombay. Each set worth Rs. 20/-.

100 Consolation Prizes S.N.P. **FUN-N-COLOUR** Painting Kits worth Rs. 17/- each.

Age group 12 to 16 years:

Grand National Prize Chic Modithread Scholarship worth Rs. 1000/- and "Needlework Princess 1979 Trophy" plus a gift cheque from **Chicmod** worth Rs. 1000/-.

Ten 1st Prizes Gift cheques from **Chicmod** Each worth Rs. 500/-.

Ten 2nd Prizes Sets of dresses from **Chic** Creations. Each set worth Rs. 300/-.

Ten 3rd Prizes Each worth Rs. 100/-.
Gift hampers of **Johnson's Baby Powder**, **Johnson's** Complexion Cream and **Johnson's** Sanitary Napkins. **Trade Mark**

100 Merit Prizes Sets of books from U.S.S.R. Book Centre and Lok Vangmaya. Gita (Pvt.) Ltd., Bombay. Each set worth Rs. 20/-.

100 Consolation Prizes
Chic Needlework Kits worth Rs. 17/- each.

First 500 entries in each of the ten territories will receive a Durallex Plastic book jacket.

Read Chic Chernob—the special children's section in Chic magazine. For contest details write to Chic Publications, Alank Ganga, 89, Wheelokhat Road, Bombay 400028.

Entry! Contest ends 31st July 1979
Send in your entry to the Modithread Depot in your territory. Look for the address in the Rules and Regulations.



CHANDAMAMA camel

COLOUR CONTEST

No Entrance Fee

WIN PRIZES
CAMEL—1ST PRIZE Rs. 15
CAMEL—2ND PRIZE Rs. 10
CAMEL—3RD PRIZE Rs. 5
CAMEL—5 CONSOLATION PRIZES
CAMEL—10 CERTIFICATES

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE



Only students upto the age of 12 years can participate. Colour the above picture in any of the 'Camel' colours. Send in your coloured entires at the following address.

P.B. No. 9928, COLABA, Bombay-400 005.

The results will be final and no correspondence regarding the same will be considered.

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

Send entries before : 30-6-1979

Please see that the complete picture is painted

CONTEST NO. 9



ENJOY IN THIS ISSUE

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- THE WICKED AND THE HONEST:** An absorbing tale from the Arabian Nights ... *Page 43*
- PLUS SIX MORE COMPLETE STORIES
AND EIGHT OTHER FEATURES**

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

विश्वे श्वातः क्षया क्षती दुःखे दैन्याविहिता ।

निर्दम्भता स्वकारे स्वमोक्षं महत्तमम् ॥

*Vishve shvāṭṭhaḥ kṣayā kṣatī duḥkhe dainyavihitā
Nirdambhāt sadācāre svakāraḥ mahātmanām*

In prosperity a readiness to sacrifice, practice of compassion when holding power, freedom from dejection in sorrow, absence of pride in leading a righteous life — these are the traits of the great souls.

The Subhashitavali

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CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 9

JUNE 1979

No. 12

Founder : CHAKRAPANI

THE LEGEND OF UPAMANYU

The *Story of India*, in this issue, illustrates the legend of Upamanyu, one of those remarkable children of India's past, like Dhruva, Aruni, Utanka, Trita, of whom you have already learnt. Their glory is sung by the great books left to us by the sages of the bygone times.

To a modern reader the story of Upamanyu might appear rather odd. A modern teacher is not likely to put a student to the sort of test to which Dhaumya put Upamanyu. A modern student is certain to look at a similar test with disdain.

Values change as time passes.

But, although the nature of relation between the teacher and student has changed as has changed the social conditions, the values of faith, dedication, determination and discipline which Upamanyu exemplify remain constant. Even in changing circumstances, these are the qualities which can bring new kinds of success to the student of our days.





LET US KNOW

When and how was the Panchatantra written? What is the meaning of the term?

Md. Ghouse Pasha 'SV', Kazipet.

The *Panchatantra* is looked upon as the world's earliest collection of fables, although all the tales the work contains are not fables. Research shows that it was written between 3rd century B.C. and A.D. 1st century. However, several of the tales must have been in oral circulation for many years, may be even for centuries, before their inclusion in the *Panchatantra*.

The author was Vishnusharma, a great scholar who knew the art of imparting education through stories. He was entrusted with the task of educating three sons of a certain king. The princes, obviously, were not willing to be taught in the conventional way. But Vishnusharma's method of teaching through stories proved highly successful with them.

The king concerned belonged to Mahilaroopya, an old city in the Southern part of India. According to some manuscripts, he belonged to Pataliputra of Bihar.

The term *Panchatantra* means five lores. The work is divided into five sets of stories. Each set bears a name. They are: *Mitrabha* or *Mitrasamprapti* (Acquiring Friends), *Mitrabheda* (Rupturing Friendship) *Kakolukeeyam* (Of Crows and Owls), *Labdhapranasam* (Loss of one's gains) and *Aparikshitakarakam* (Consequence of Rash Acts).

(Readers are requested not to send new questions for a few months. Let your magazine finish answering at least a part of the backload of questions.)





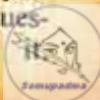
New Tales of King Vikram,
and the Vampire

WAS THE PROPHECY WRONG?

Dark was the night and fearful the atmosphere. Flashes of lightning revealed glimpses of weird faces.

Thunder rumbled on and jackals moaned. No human being was to be found in the region but the king. Biting cold wind tried to sweep the king off the ground. As if it warned him against lingering on there!

But King Vikram did not swerve. He climbed the tree and brought the corpse down. But no sooner had he begun crossing the desolate cremation ground than the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, I know not if you were destined to undergo this ordeal. The question is, even if you were, couldn't you have altered your destiny? Can't one's destiny change under any circumstance? Let me narrate to you an incident related to this question. Pay attention to



That might bring you some relief."

And the vampire went on: Gopal of Shricherry was so poor that there were days when he went without a morsel of food. Once a famous palmist and sage visited Shricherry. People of the village showed him their palms and learnt many things about the future happenings. Gopal too did not let the opportunity slip by. He requested the sage to read his palm and tell him if he would ever get over his poverty.

The sage saw the lines on his palms with some interest. He also looked into his eyes with

concentration. Gopal waited with bated breath to bear what he would say.

"I'm afraid, my son, that you have to live in poverty all your life!" said the sage.

Gopal sighed and said, "In that case, tell me when I am to die!"

The sage examined his palm again and meditated for a moment and then said, "There is a merchant in the town, called Bhimraj. He owes you three gold mohurs. You had, in your previous life, lent them to him. You can realise that debt from him and have a good time. As soon as you have spent the



amount, you are to die."

Gopal, eager to die as soon as possible, met Bhimraj and told him what he had heard from the sage. Bhimraj knew the sage to be a man of truth. He handed over three gold mohurs to Gopal without the least hesitation.

Gopal thought how best to spend the wealth. He bought food-stuffs and went to a famine-stricken area and fed the starving people. He was now happy and ready to die.

"Now that death would take hold of me any moment, let me go into a forest. After I die, my dead body can satisfy

the hunger of some beast," he thought and entered a forest.

He roamed about in the forest for days together waiting to die. He was rather surprised that death did not overtake him. Then, one day he tumbled into a pit. "So, I'm going to die at last and be free from this miserable life!" he thought in the process of falling.

But, at the bottom of the pit, he saw heaps of gold coins and silver bricks. At once he remembered the starving faces of the famine-stricken people. He removed some of the wealth to a house which he took on rent in the town. He bought cart-



loads of food-stuffs and carried them to the affected region and went on distributing them. In course of the year he utilised the entire hidden treasure for the benefit of the suffering people. But he led a very simple life himself. He lived long.

At times he was surprised himself that he did not die in spite of spending the three gold mohurs and a lot more to his greatest satisfaction. However, he did not grumble with life any longer.

The vampire paused for a moment and then asked the king in a challenging tone, "How could the prophecy of the palmist, who was a sage, prove wrong? Answer me if you can, O King. But know this, if you keep mum despite your knowledge of the issue, your head would roll off your

shoulders!"

Replied the king forthwith: "The sage was not wrong. Had Gopal spent the three gold mohurs he received from the merchant for his own pleasures, he would have died thereafter. It was a great moment in his life when he took a noble decision and began living for others. In a sense the old Gopal died.

"Although destiny governs man's life, man can also change its course by his own will and action. Gopal was not afraid of death. That itself was a sort of victory over death. This, along with his total lack of greed and his dedication to a selfless cause changed his destiny."

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip!



A RACE WITH DEATH

There was a small lake in the forest. A number of beautiful lilies had blossomed on the water. Meena wished she could have some of them.



At once Mintoo jumped into the water and swam towards the flowers. Little did he know that the monsoon had made the river overflow into the lake, bringing in a crocodile.



Suddenly Meena spied upon the crocodile heading towards Mintoo. She screamed and cautioned Mintoo who threw back his head and saw the terrible creature.



There was a race between Mintoo and the crocodile. The gap between the two became gradually reduced, though Mintoo was struggling hard to escape the creature.





Meena climbed a tree, a branch of which had leaned far into the lake. "Come here and catch this and come up!" she shouted.



With a desperate effort, Mintoo reached the spot below the branch. But he could not catch it, though Meena put her weight on it, trying to bend it down.



The crocodile was about to catch up with Mintoo. Mintoo gave up all hope of life. Suddenly Jhandoo jumped onto the branch.

The additional weight did it! The branch went down a little more and Mintoo took hold of it and climbed to safety!



NEXT : A FIRE IN THE FOREST



The Prince and the WIZARD

(The wizard intends killing Badal, but he is outwitted and killed. Badal wins the magic bell of Patal Bairavi and recovers the king's lost talisman and returns to the city. He is to marry the princess. But the wizard returns to life through his disciple's intervention. He uses Samser to steal the bell. Before the marriage is solemnised he whisks away the princess and Badal's magic castle.)

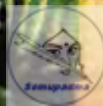
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What happened was so very unexpected that all remained speechless for a long time. Then the maids of the princess broke into loud wails. The queen had already swooned away.

The king ordered the maids and the servants to make a thorough search for the princess. But Badal knew that the search

would be in vain. He looked at the hill-top on which his castle stood, now looking desolate. He understood that the very fellow who whisked away the palace had also whisked away the princess.

He remembered Samser's unusual conduct. What had then appeared to be funny, now assumed sinister significance.





Badal walked over to the king and said, "My lord, I am afraid, my magic bell has been stolen away by Samser. Whoever has got the magic bell has got the princess and my castle. If it is Samser himself who has done the mischief, then he might have gone far away, along with the princess and the castle. However, the soldiers may be asked to look for him."

Immediately, at king's order, hundreds of soldiers ran in all the directions to find out Samser. Before long he was located by the river-side, contemplating suicide under a fresh wave of agony.

He was bodily lifted by two hefty soldiers and thrown before the king. He confessed to his having stolen the bell at the instance of the wizard.

"He had promised that the princess will be mine! But... wow - wow - wow!" Wailed Samser.

The angry king asked his bodyguards to drag Samser away into gaol.

"My lord, the wizard who planned to kill me, but was killed by me, must have come back to life by some miracle," said Badal.

"Since you know where he lives, why not lead my whole army there and rescue my daughter?" asked the anxious king.

"My lord! Such an attempt is not likely to yield any good result. As long as the magic bell is with him, the wizard can always manage to give us the slip. Besides, he might harm the princess if attacked. The bell has to be recovered through wit or tricks," said Badal.

"What do you propose to do?" asked the king. He had appreciated Badal's argument.

"There is no time to waste, my lord. I must proceed forthwith and try my luck," replied

Badal.

Badal and Ramu hopped on to two horses and galloped away. Behind them a melancholy descended on the city that was in the grip of a festive spirit only moments ago.

Non-stop they galloped on for hours. Somewhere in the distant hills there had been much rain and a river that flowed through the forest was in spate. Before Ramu had cautioned Badal, he had made his horse leap into the water. Ramu had to follow suit. Half-way across the river, the horses were seen struggling hard against the current and gasping and fuming. Soon it was

evident that they were giving up.

A huge tree on the bank had leaned forward into the river. "Catch the branch!" Ramu shouted at Badal. Both had to give up their hold on their horses and climb the tree. Before their eyes the two excellent animals were carried away by the strong stream.

After a little respite the two friends jumped to the ground and began walking. They walked on till sundown, hardly exchanging words.

"Let us relax before we are totally exhausted," proposed Ramu, holding his friend by the arm.

"Very well," agreed Badal.



There lay a rock with a broad smooth surface, near a stream. Ramu soon found out a number of guava trees abounding in ripe fruits. He plucked enough guavas for both. After a short discussion on the course they were to follow in the morning, they fell asleep.

It took quite some time for Princess Pratiba to understand what happened. While advancing towards the marriage platform, led by her dear maids, she suddenly felt a strange sensation, as if she had been caught up in a vortex! Perhaps, for a moment, she had lost sense. Next, she saw herself in a castle and she saw the castle floating

through the clouds.

The castle slowly began descending in a region marked by tall trees and hills. As soon as it settled on the ground, a stranger came in smiling and greeted her warmly.

The princess was aghast. She knew the fellow at once. She had witnessed his wizardry in the palace and had heard about Badal's encounter with him. How did the fellow come back to life? she wondered.

The wizard gazed at the princess for a long time. He looked amazed. Perhaps he never dreamt of meeting such a beauty.

"You are as safe here as you



were in your father's palace, dear Princess," announced the wizard. "This region is mine. None can enter my domain without my sanction. I am sorry. I should rather say that this is ours—yours and mine. After all, I intend marrying you." The wizard laughed.

The princess stepped back involuntarily. Anger and hatred made her shiver. At first she thought that it would be better not to speak to the wicked fellow. But, she was afraid, her captor may read wrong meaning into her silence.

"I hope, you will be truthful to your word. My safety will not be endangered. I will not

be forced to marry anyone," she said.

The wizard laughed.

"You can marry me and still be safe, can't you?" demanded the wizard.

"I am Prince Badal's bride. I am betrothed to him," said the princess, still hopeful of driving some good sense into the wizard's mind.

"That is a tale of yesterday. I have won you. You are mine. Nobody can take you back, least of all Badal!" exclaimed the wizard as he came closer to the princess.

The princess stepped back again. She realised that the wizard will not yield to her





pleadings. She decided to be stern.

"Do not boast of victory, O wizard, Badal is a hero of untold courage. He will not rest until he has rescued me," she blurted out.

The wizard's laughter sounded like a series of thunderclaps.

"Do you wish to see Badal's heroism? Wait a minute then," he announced and went out of the room.

Alone in her room, the princess could not check her tears.

She repented for having mentioned Badal. Who knows what would be the mischief the wizard would do to him? But it was too late to brood over the issue.

There was a thudding sound in the adjoining room and a groan. The wizard re-entered and removed the screen from a window.

"Have a look into the next room, Princess Pratiba!" he commanded.

The princess looked out and screamed in horror. On the other side of the window lay Badal, his legs and hands bound and mouth gagged.

The wizard had brought him from the forest where he slept along with Ramu, by the help of the magic bell.

"Princess Pratiba! By now you have surely got some idea about my power. It is not in good taste to boast; but I can assure you that you should be proud of having me for your husband," said the wizard and he burst into another peal of laughter.

To be continued

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LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

THE AMBITIOUS JACKAL

In days gone by there was a jungle near the city of Varanasi.

One day a jackal, while wandering alone, suddenly came face to face with a lion. Awfully scared of the king of animals, the jackal at once rolled on the ground and placed his head before the lion's forelegs.

"What is your intention?" asked the lion.

"My only intention is to serve you," mumbled out the nervous jackal.

"Very well. Come and reside

with me in my cave," said the lion.

The jackal began to guard the lion's cave, lying at its entrance. The lion always gave it a share of the animals he killed.

The lion was extremely noble and kind-hearted. One day he told his servant, "You might be craving for the flesh of some particular animal. You may stand on the hillock and survey the area around. You will see many kinds of animals. When you see one which you would like to eat, come and name it



to me and say, 'Wake up, O Lion!' I shall do the needful."

The jackal continued doing so. One day he would ask for a deer, another day for a ram, sometimes even for a buffalo. The lion never failed to fulfil his pet's desire. After killing the animal, the lion ate a portion of it and left the rest for the jackal.

The jackal grew strong and stout at an incredibly fast pace. In fact, he became the most powerful jackal in the forest.

One day he told himself, 'Why should I always depend on the lion for my food? Am I not as strong as he? I am sure,

the secret of his success lies in my telling him, 'Wake up, O Lion!' If someone would tell me, 'Wake up, O Jackal!' I can also do what the lion is doing.'

He went closer to the lion and said, "My lord, I wish to eat the flesh of an elephant!"

"Why not! We shall kill one for you!" said the indulgent lion.

"Not you, I propose to kill an elephant myself," said the jackal.

"You? Is it not the privilege of the lions alone to kill the elephants? In any case, I have never heard of a jackal ever doing it!" said the lion.



"This jackal shall do it. All you have to do is to locate an elephant. I shall relax where you are lying now. You should come and tell me, 'Wake up, O Jackal!' I shall take care of the rest," assured the jackal, swelling with pride.

The lion looked at the jackal meaningfully. Then, without a word more, he climbed the hillock while the jackal lay inside the cave.

Soon the lion located an elephant. He came running to the jackal and said, "Wake up, O Jackal, there goes an elephant!"

The jackal sprang up to his

feet and ascended the hillock at great speed. A huge elephant was rambling about below.

"Let me jump onto his head and finish him with one bite," said the jackal and he took a leap down. Instead of landing on the elephant's head, he fell before him. Instantly he was reduced to a bundle of bones and flesh, crushed under a foot of the advancing elephant. A little annoyed, the elephant kicked and tossed the bundle to one side of the road and walked away.

The lion was not quite inquisitive to see what happened, for he knew what would happen!





SUBROTO'S MISSION

A sage had his small Ashram near the forest of Vidyachala. Young men enrolled themselves as his students.

The sage always asked a newcomer, "Why do you want to learn?" The reply that he generally got was this: "We wish to earn a living."

Although the sage kept silent, it seemed that the reply did not quite please him.

One day a young man named Subroto met the sage and desired to become his student. To the sage's question, he replied, "I wish to study for my own development. Secondly, I wish to use my education for the service of the people."

The sage looked happy. Subroto lived in the Ashram

for five years. Then the sage told him, "Now I deem you learned. Go and devote yourself to the welfare of the people."

Subroto chose a small village for his field of work. He served the villagers in several ways and soon endeared himself to them.

But he was shocked to learn that every three months a gang of dacoits raided the village and looted the houses. Whoever tried to check them was mercilessly beaten.

He further learnt that this had been going on for years. The villagers had reconciled to the situation. They sighed and lamented their plight, but did nothing more. The dacoits faced no resistance.

Subroto called a meeting of

the village youth and said, "It is a shame to live in fear and bear the tyranny of the dacoits. How can we prosper if the dacoits plunder the village every now and then? We must unite and face them."

A dozen young men came forward to risk their lives. As soon as the dacoits entered the village, they offered a stiff resistance. But the dacoits outnumbered them and, after a fight, took them prisoner.

"Who instigated you to resist us? Answer or die!" the dacoits demanded.

Sensing danger to his followers, Subroto stepped forward

and said, "I mobilised them against you."

The dacoits beat up Subroto pitilessly. Subroto swooned away. While leaving the village, the dacoits threatened the villagers, saying, "If you resist us again, we will put fire to the whole village! Also, you must drive this audacious young man away!"

There was no physician in the village. The villagers carried Subroto to a well-known physician who lived in another village. Once the physician took charge of him, they left for their homes, without waiting to see him recover.



The fact is, they did not want Subroto to return to their village. They were afraid of the havoc the dacoits would create if they saw Subroto still living in their village. They had decided to resign to their fate.

But Subroto returned a month later. The village-elders no doubt felt a bit awkward at his sight.

Subroto was followed by a gentleman. Said Subroto to the villagers, "People of this village suffer much because we do not have a physician here. On my request, this physician has agreed to live here till he has trained up one or two of our own youths. Please cooperate with him."

The people felt overwhelmed with gratitude. Subroto whose life was in danger for their sake

still cared only for their welfare! They felt guilty that they were thinking of avoiding him.

All the villagers now decided to confront the dacoits under Subroto's leadership. They practised lathi-play and fencing. Divided into four batches, they secretly guarded the village at four different points.

When the dacoits came next, the villagers swooped down upon them with fury and captured them. In a procession they led the prisoners to the king's court. The king was looking for that notorious gang for a long time. He was immensely pleased. He rewarded the villagers and appointed Subroto to a high position. It was Subroto's duty to look into the problems the people of the distant villages faced.



THE RECOMMENDATION

A king had the need of a bodyguard. One to get that post must be strong as well as intelligent. One day the general sent a candidate to the minister with his recommendation. The general's letter recounted the candidate's long record as a brave man. At the end, the general requested that the candidate be taken for the post.

The minister presented the man to the king and read out the letter.

"If all that is said about the man is true, the general had no reason to make a request. Hence all this is not true. We reject the candidate!" said the king.



RIP VAN WINKLE



At the foot of a range of mountains in the America of olden days was a small village. Perhaps the most innocent of the villagers was Rip Van Winkle. And perhaps the most innocent of all the dogs in the village was his pet, Wolf by name.

Both Rip and Wolf were the victims of the bad temper of Rip's wife. The two creatures sympathised with each other and chose to spend as much time as possible outside the house.

One day, gun in hand and followed by his dog, Rip rambled amidst the hills. After a while he sat down for rest and enjoyed the scene below rich with miles of woodland, the river Hudson flowing in majesty, and the lovely mountain glen reflecting the rays of the setting sun.

"Rip Van Winkle!" called out a mysterious figure. Rip looked at the stranger who was finding it difficult to carry a load up the hill. Rip went to help him. Soon, to his amazement, he saw a company of odd-looking fellows playing a

game. Little could Rip have imagined that they might have belonged to a bygone time!

The load the stranger carried contained wine. The company began quaffing it. Tempted, Rip too stole a few draughts.

And he fell asleep. When he got up, he guessed that he had had a good sleep. But what annoyed him was, his shining gun had disappeared and a rusty one was lying by. Wolf was not to be found.

Slowly he walked towards his village, preparing himself to face a strong tirade from his wife.

But great was his bewilderment when he saw that not only the faces of the villagers, but also the face of the village itself had completely changed.

Dogs barked and urchins hooted at him. A crowd of unfamiliar people gathered around him. Rip felt quite perplexed to discover that he had grown a foot-long beard.

"Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?" he asked the villagers.



Yes, they knew a fellow by that name. He went out to the hills one afternoon twenty years ago and never returned.

By and by Rip realised that he had slept a little too long—twenty years! His wife had died, as had most of his contemporaries.

However, his daughter recognised him and took him home. He spent his last days well.

The story of *Rip Van Winkle* by Washington Irving (1783-1859), though written for the grown-ups, has been a favourite with the children for over a century.



Lucky with

Five hundred and sixty years ago the city of London had a mayor who was so rich that the King of England used to borrow large sums of money from him. He willed all his wealth to be used for public welfare after his death.

It was a cat that brought fortune to this gentleman, Richard Whittington. (He died in 1423. We are not sure of the year of his birth.)

As a small boy he reached London, seeking work, for he was very poor. It was a cold evening. He stood leaning against a building, hungry and shivering, holding on to his chest a small cat which he found lying on the road.

The owner of the building, Sir Ivo Fitzwaryn, took pity on him. Richard found work in his shop. He grew friendly with Sir Ivo's little daughter, Alice.

Suddenly Sir Ivo failed in his business. "I must set sail for some other land in search of fortune," he said. His wife and his daughter gave away their jewellery to him.

"I wish, I too could give him something," mused Richard. But all he had was the cat.

"Please take this one with you. Maybe, you will find this useful," said Richard to his master.

Sir Ivo accepted the cat to respect the boy's feeling.

His ship faced a storm and was wrecked. The jewellery was lost. Sir Ivo and one of his companions reached their destination resting on a plank. The cat too had found shelter on the plank.

The king of the land they reached received them well and entertained them to dinner. They were midway their course



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when a nest of mice rushed on them and began eating up their food.

"O these vile creatures! They appear from nowhere and harass us!" lamented the embarrassed host, the king.

But just then Richard's cat leaped forward and began killing the mice. It did so with such speed and fury that the mice retreated immediately.

The king looked amazed. He had never known a thing like that! He gave Sir Ivo a bagful of gold in exchange for the cat.

Sir Ivo prospered again by investing the gold. Richard married his daughter, Alice, and inherited his property.

Thus, a cat gave England one of her richest men in the days gone by—so goes the legend and it goes strong!



YEAR OF THE CHILD '79

THE THIEF AND THE TRADER

A petty thief once tried his hand at stealing a horse from the stable of a horse-trader. But the trader caught him red-handed.

"I am a poor man, sir, please leave me. If you so desire, I can serve you as your most obedient servant," pleaded the thief.

The horse-trader laughed.

"Why do you laugh, sir?" asked the thief.

"You fool, how can you serve me? How can you, who could be caught so easily, steal horses for me from others?" observed the horse-trader.



SRI RAMPKRIISHNA

A few miles away from the city of Calcutta, on the bank of the river Ganga, stood a beautiful temple. Two men strolled in a garden near it. One was a rich landlord, the other a poor priest.

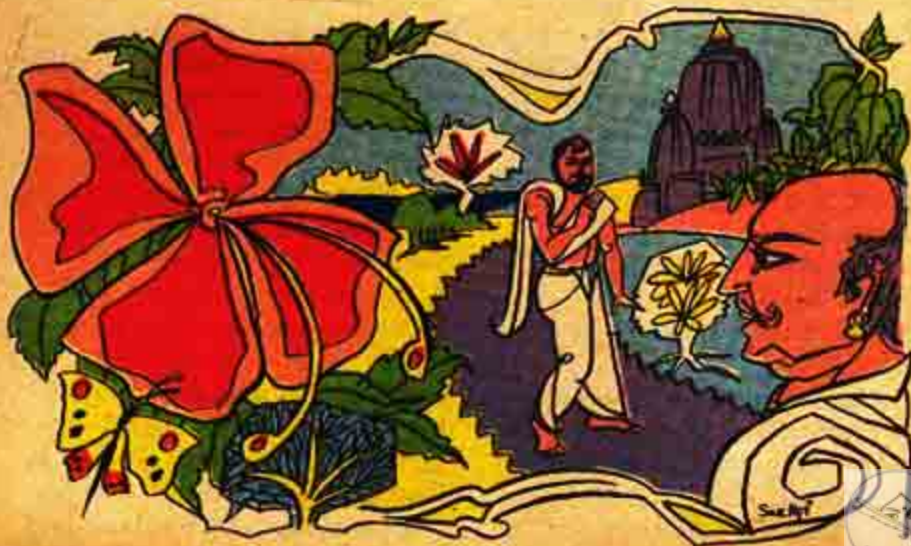
"The laws by which this universe is governed are made by God. But once He has made a law, He is bound by it Himself," observed the landlord.

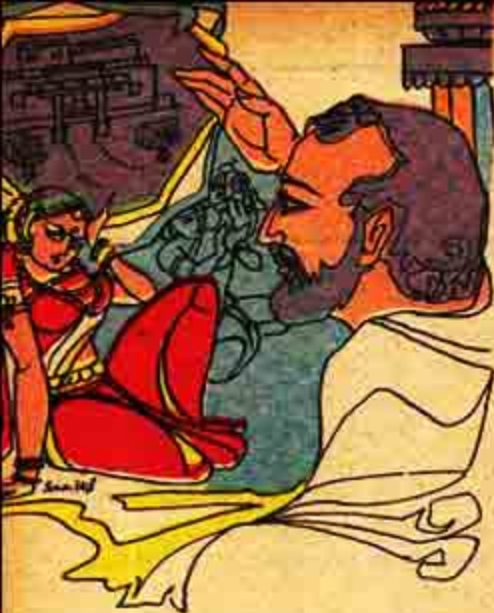
"No. God has made the

laws, but He is above them. He can break a law with as much freedom with which He made it," said the priest.

"How? God has so ordained that in this plant yonder the flower that would blossom would be red. Can He make one of them white?" asked the landlord, pointing at a hibiscus plant.

"He can," asserted the priest. The next morning it was





priest.

Indeed, only a few would have realised then what a great luck it was to have Ramakrishna amidst them. To many, he was a mad man. To many more, he appeared to be an absent minded fellow, quite irresponsible in his conduct.

No wonder that they should think so. For, one day while the rani was seated before the deity, listening to Ramakrishna singing, he stopped and suddenly slapped her. While the rani's maids cried out their horror at this outrageous behaviour of the priest, who was after all an employee of the rani, the rani herself remained calm.

"Is this the time to think of those useless problems?" the priest said, chiding her. The rani realised her fault. She ought not to have let her mind be filled with the thoughts of her estates at a time when she should remain prayful.

Ramakrishna was born in 1836, in a village called Kamar-pukur in the Hooghly district of Bengal, in a Brahmin family. His parents were highly religious. Ramakrishna, known as Gadadhar in his childhood, had only one yearning: to see

observed that the hibiscus plant, in one of its branches, was adorned with two magnificent flowers—one red and one white.

The landlord was delighted, but he was not quite surprised. He knew that the priest was an extraordinary man. His words could become a force and work a wonder.

The place was Dakshineswar. The landlord's name was Mathuranath; the priest is Ramakrishna.

Mathuranath was the son-in-law of Rani Rashmani, the noble lady who had founded the temple and, to her great luck, got Ramakrishna for the

realise God. Nothing else interested him.

Coming to Dakshineswar, his yearning grew more and more intense. The deity of the temple was Goddess Kali. He would weep like a child, roll on the ground, pray for days and nights at a stretch, urging upon the deity to reveal Herself to him in Her real living form. One day, unwilling to wait any longer, he picked up a sword and gave an ultimatum to the deity: he would kill himself if She did not appear before him.

He swooned away. The Divine Mother appeared before him in all Her splendour and compassion.

Thereafter, to Ramakrishna, the deity was no more an idol, but his Mother—spiritual as well as physical. Years later, when Vivekananda, then known as Narendra, asked him on their first meeting if he had seen God, his answer was, "Yes, I see Him just as I see you, but more concretely!"

A unique achievement of Sri Ramakrishna was to practise different religious and occult disciplines, one after another, to find their truth. After realising the highest truths according to the Yogic, the Tantric and



the Vedantic ways, he took to the Islamic discipline and had some wonderful realisation. Fascinated by Christ, he concentrated on Him and saw Him too.

Thus, he proved that God was one whatever be the way to pursue Him. He was far above any dogma or any narrow doctrine.

Ramakrishna had been married to a girl when she was only five. When she grew up to be a young lady, she heard her husband being referred to as a mad man. But as soon as she saw him, she understood how grossly mistaken the people

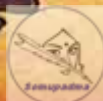
were. Ramakrishna looked upon her as an emanation of the Divine Mother and made her realise her true self. She, Sarada Devi, proved a worthy consort of the great soul that was her husband. Sri Ramakrishna's disciples came to look upon her as the Holy Mother.

As years passed, more and more people, particularly from the city of Calcutta, were attracted towards the saint of Dakshineswar. Among them were some of the best seekers of the time. In the illiterate, madly priest, they saw the incarnation of the Divine. And, for

their benefit, the saint explained profound truths in a simple style, often through parables.

One of his disciples, Narendra, was entrusted by him with the task of awakening the humanity to the spiritual truths. As Vivekananda, the disciple discharged his sacred task remarkably well.

Sri Ramakrishna brought a new wave of hope and faith. He left his body in 1886, at the age of fifty only, but he continues to be a great source of inspiration for innumerable seekers in India and abroad.



THE EXEMPLARY DISCIPLE

Long long ago there lived a sage named Dhaumya. With him, in his ashram situated in a forest, lived many disciples. They not only studied the scriptures, but also learnt their discipline through hard physical work.



Upamanyu, one of Dhaumya's disciples, was in charge of the guru's cattle. He led the cattle to the meadows and brought them back in the evening. Well did he look after them.



One day Dhaumya asked Upamanyu, "What do you eat?" Upamanyu replied that leaving the cows in the field, he visits the nearby village. The villagers give him food. "How do you eat them without my sanction?" asked the guru.



Next day Upamanyu brought to the guru whatever food he had received. He expected the guru to give him a part of it. But the guru said nothing. Upamanyu, however, went on surrendering to his guru whatever he received day after day.

Upamanyu thereafter satisfied his hunger with some milk which he obtained from the cows. But when the guru learnt this, he said that whatever milk the cows were left with after being milked in the Ashram, that was meant for their calves!



Upamanyu then licked the milky foam that the calves exuded after feeding from their mothers' udders. But even that was forbidden to him on the plea that the calves would give out more foam to please him and they will suffer themselves!

Upamanyu, starving, one day drank the juice of a certain plant which was poisonous. A few drops fell in his eyes and he grew blind. He groped his way towards the Ashram.



He fell into a ravine. Extremely weak that he had become, he could not climb out of it. He lay sprawled at its bottom while night came over the meadow. He could not even shout for help.

The lowing cows returned to the Ashram without Upamanyu. It was getting dark. The guru realised that Upamanyu was in some danger. He went out in search of him.





An hour later the guru realised what had happened to Upamanyu. Looking into the dark revine, he asked his disciple to pray to Aswini Kumar and Revanta, the twins who were the physicians of the gods.

Upamanyu did as advised. Two luminous figures, Aswini Kumar and Revanta, appeared before him. "Eat this up; you will recover your vision," they said, offering him a cake. "I can't eat the food without first offering it to my guru," said Upamanyu.



Greatly impressed, the gods brought him out of the ravine to his guru. Upamanyu ate the cake only with his guru's sanction. At once he got back his vision and health. The guru and the gods blessed him. Upamanyu lives in legends as the example of truthfulness.





THE MYSTERIOUS SNAKE

In a remote part of India, in the frontier, there is a village named Sarpapur which means the Abode of Snake.

How did the village assume such a name? This is the legend that answers it:

Long ago, there lived a great architect and builder in the village. He was popularly known as the guru.

Almost all the male members of the village were his disciples. Each one was a successful architect or builder. Kings, landlords and officers from far and near commissioned the villagers to build houses for them. The village, naturally prospered very well.

But nobody had mastered the

art of building as much as the guru had. It was because the guru had come upon a rare manuscript which narrated the most intricate principles of the art. The manuscript had been accidentally destroyed. There was no second copy of it.

Once the king of the nether-world, the world of serpents, needed a new palace. One night he appeared before the guru and requested him to come down to his domain. The guru was not only a brave man but also a seeker. He found in the invitation an opportunity to learn the mysteries of the nether world.

He told the members of his family that he was going out on



a secret mission, and he left for the nether-world.

The nether-world was a wonderful place. It abounded in precious metals. Food and drink which were dreams even to kings and emperors on the earth were available in plenty to all. All seemed happy. The guru was received with warmth. All the materials he wanted was placed at his disposal.

He planned the palace and began building it. Two years passed. The work was yet to be completed when the guru felt home-sick.

"You are endowed with supernatural vision. Kindly cast

a glance through your inner eye at my village and tell how the situation there is," he told the serpent-king.

The serpent-king shut his eyes for a while. Then he said, "All is not well with your village. There is a drought in your area. However, the bad period will pass in another month!"

"Another month! By then my people might die for lack of water! No, my lord, you must arrange for rain in my area," said the guru.

"That is not possible. Your village is destined to suffer the drought," replied the serpent-king.

"But I know that you have the power to bring down rain!" insisted the guru.

"I should not utter a lie. I have the power. But I cannot use it at my sweet will. That might disturb the scheme of laws by which the earth is governed," explained the serpent-king.

"In that case I proceed to my village forthwith. I must share the fate of my villagers," declared the guru.

"You must complete the work!" said the serpent-king.

"You must bring rain to my village," replied the guru, equally

stern in his tone.

The serpent-king looked angry. The guru stopped work. But he could not go out of the nether-world as all the exits were closed. It is only the serpent-king who could open them.

Two days passed. One morning the serpent-king heard a strange sound. He came out of his room and found that the guru was trying to fell a pillar.

"What are you doing?" he asked, quite furious.

"I am going to destroy whatever I have already built!" replied the guru.

"You deserve to be punished with death!" shouted the serpent-king.

"Right. That is why I am doing this mischief. I want to die," replied the guru.

"But why?" asked the king, surprised.

"I know what drought means. Most of my villagers, particularly the women and children who cannot run for water to distant places, would die. If I cannot die with them, let me die here," said the guru.

The serpent-king stood passive for a while. Then he said, "Very well, noble architect, I shall arrange for rain in your area. I can do so now with



justification," said the serpent-king.

"Was the justification not there earlier?" asked the guru.

"No, if I would have used my power for rain as soon as you demanded it, my action would have been equal to merely pleasing you. That would have been a misuse of my power. If I am using my power now, it is to save your life, for, you seem determined to die," explained the serpent-king.

"May I once see the condition of my village?" asked the guru.

"You may," said the serpent-king. He then gave the guru a



scarf. "Put it on and remember your village. You will be there. But don't try to talk to anybody; and return soon," he said.

The guru put on the scarf. Next, he found himself bathing in rain. He recognised his village. The villagers looked happy. "It is most welcome rain," exclaimed everybody.

The guru found that he could not talk. And whenever he approached a villager the villager ran away. Even the members of his own family did the same.

He was surprised. Soon he wished to return to the nether-world and he was there. He completed his work in another year. He was given diamonds as reward when he was to leave for his village. The serpent-king himself left him on the

village square, invisible to all.

The villagers were delighted to see him back. At the centre of the village he saw a shrine.

"Who is worshipped in this shrine?" he asked.

"A year ago a severe drought threatened our existence. Suddenly appeared a strange snake, with a scarf. Along with it came the rain. It was a beneficent snake – perhaps a god in disguise. After it disappeared, we built the shrine and placed inside it a bronze figure of the snake. We have also begun calling our village Sarpapur," informed the villagers.

The guru understood that the serpent-king had sent him there as a snake. He smiled and kept quiet. It was only after his death that the story became known.



THE WICKED AND THE HONEST

In the city of Alexandria lived two friends, Abu Kir and Abu Sir. Abu Kir was a dyer. People of the town brought their clothes to him and asked him to colour them. Abu Sir was a barber. Also, he worked in a bath. The bath was founded by a rich man. It had a nice pool. There were several servants who massaged with oil those who came there for bathing, on the payment of a certain fee.

Abu Kir was lazy and dis-

honest. Many a time he sold the clothes which his customers gave him for dying. The customers reported his practice to the governor of the city.

When Abu Kir understood that he was in danger of being punished, he planned to flee the city. He went to Abu Sir and told him, "My friend, you are a gifted barber. I have heard that the people of your trade prosper well in lands beyond the sea. Let us leave the wretched city in search of





fortune."

Abu Sir was soon influenced by Abu Kir. Both boarded a ship which was on its way to a distant land with over a hundred passengers.

The voyage was to take a long time. Abu Sir offered to shave the passengers. The passengers as well as the crew were happy to have a barber among them. For his labour, Abu Sir was given plenty of food.

The two friends had agreed on a condition: whatever one of them earned, the other would have a share in it. Abu Sir shared his food with Abu Kir

who did nothing except eating the lion's share of the food and sleeping for the rest of the time. Abu Sir, however, did not mind that.

After a month the ship touched a harbour near a prosperous city. Abu Kir and Abu Sir alighted there and hired a small lodge. There too, Abu Kir passed his time sleeping or dozing. But Abu Sir went out every day in the morning, worked as a barber under the roadside trees and bought food with the money he received. Back at the lodge, it was he who cooked. Then he woke up Abu Kir and both ate.

A month passed. Abu Sir took ill and could not go to work. Pang of hunger obliged Abu Kir to go out into the city. He soon saw a dyer's shop. But he was surprised to see that all the clothes were dyed only in blue.

"Why don't you use any other colour?" he asked the dyer.

The dyer looked at him vacantly. In a short time Abu Kir understood that the dyers of the city knew no colour but blue. He marched to the Sultan's palace, met the Sultan and said, "My lord, I

from the famous city of Alexandria. I was the most prominent dyer in the city and I used to dye the clothes of my customers in a variety of colours like green, blue, red, yellow and orange. But here the dyers have never heard of such colours. If you patronise me, I can set up a shop and dye the royal apparels in gorgeous hues!"

The Sultan grew curious. He gave him a large house, a number of slaves to serve him, and enough money to buy the things he needed.

Abu Kir went back to his lodge. Abu Sir was lying un-

conscious due to high fever. Abu Kir quietly removed his own things and also whatever money Abu Sir had in his purse. Then he locked the lodge and went to live in his new house.

He bought from the market the seeds, fruits, roots, oil and all other things with which to prepare different colours. He then dyed the first batch of the Sultan's clothes and spread them before his shop. Hundreds of citizens collected to see the marvellous display. When the clothes were carried to the palace, the Sultan sprang up from his throne in joy.

The Sultan provided him with





more slaves and more money. All the noblemen and the merchants of the city became his customers. He became one of the richest men of the city in less than a month.

Three days after Abu Kir left the helpless Abu Sir, the owner of the lodge thought that his boarders had slipped away without paying him his rent. He broke open the lock and found Abu Sir in a pitiable condition.

"Please take some money from my purse and buy me some fruits," Abu Sir requested the lodge-owner.

But the purse was found

empty. Abu Sir realised that Abu Kir had stolen his money and escaped. He sighed in despair.

The lodge-owner was kind to him. He bought him food and medicine at his own cost and nursed him. It took Abu Sir a month to recover fully.

When able to walk, Abu Sir went out into the city. His attention went to an elegant house, before which a crowd had gathered.

"What is going on here?" he asked a passer-by.

"Is it not strange that you have not heard about Abu Kir's novel dying shop?" said the passer-by.

Abu Sir felt happy that his friend had prospered so well in such a short time. Joyously he entered the house.

Abu Kir sat on a cushioned seat, ordering about his slaves. As soon as his eyes fell on Abu Sir, he stood up and shouted, saying, "You vagabond, you thief! Get out!"

His servants rushed at Abu Sir and threw him out with slaps and kicks.

Abu Sir, already weak with his illness, lay dazed on the road for long. Then he got up and returned to his lodge.

wept alone, but decided to forget the humiliation and find some work for himself.

After a couple of days, he met the Sultan and said, "My lord, yours is a beautiful city. But what a pity that there is no bath here. If you patronise me, I can build one for you."

The Sultan did not know what a bath is. When he heard its description, he was fascinated. He ordered for a nice building with wide compound at the centre of the city to be vacated for Abu Sir. He also gave him a large sum of money and a dozen slaves.

In a few months Abu Sir

completed preparing the bath. The pool had scented water. He prepared an excellent oil. The entire hall was filled with mild smoke giving sweet fragrance.

Then he invited the Sultan to visit it. Upon the Sultan's arrival, Abu Sir massaged him with oil and gave him a good bath. The Sultan who had never known this kind of luxury was highly impressed.

"You can realise a thousand dinars from anyone enjoying a bath," he said.

"My lord, your kindness is great. But many cannot pay such a big amount. Let the





asked Abu Sir.

"What! Are you mad? But I remember driving away a fellow who was a thief. He resembled you. I could not have imagined that I had driven you out, instead of the thief!" lamented Abu Kir.

Abu Sir believed him and gave him a good bath. Abu Kir then told him, "I am so glad that you are in the Sultan's good book. Here is a balm which I received from a great physician. If this is massaged into one's body, one will feel much fresh. You can use this on the Sultan."

Abu Sir thanked his friend and received the balm.

From Abu Sir's bath, Abu Kir straight went to meet the Sultan and told him in confidence, "Here is a shocking news for you. I understand that you are visiting Abu Sir's bath. Both Abu Sir and I were once prisoners of your enemy-king. I bought my freedom by paying money to the king; Abu Sir got his freedom by promising to kill you. He proposed to inspire trust in you and then massage into your body a certain balm. The balm, in fact, is a deadly poison which kills one slowly."

people pay whatever they please," appealed Abu Sir.

The bath became the talk of the town. It was frequented by the nobility and the top officers.

Among them was the captain of the king's ship who became quite friendly with Abu Sir.

Abu Kir heard about Abu Sir's success. One day he appeared at the bath. Abu Sir welcomed him. But Abu Kir pretended anger and said, "How is it, my friend, that you never looked for me? A day has not passed when I have not tried to find you out!"

"But did you not drive me away when I went to you?"

The Sultan lost his peace. Upon his next visit to the bath, as soon as Abu Sir proposed to massage him with the balm, he asked his bodyguards to take him prisoner.

Abu Sir was then handed over to the captain who was to throw him into the sea.

The captain, however, being a friend of Abu Sir, carried him to a small island.

"Wait here for a day or two. Maybe, we will know the cause of the Sultan's wrath. Here is a net. You may catch fish to while away time," said the captain.

In the meanwhile the Sultan had lost a ring while bathing. The ring was endowed with a magic power. If the king got angry with a man and waved his hand with the ring on his finger, a dazzling light went out of the ring and struck the man dead. All were afraid of the king on account of the ring.

Abu Sir devoted his time to catching fish. Hungry, he cut a big fish in order to cook it. Plop came out of it a dazzling ring. Abu Sir put it on his finger.

Just then two fishermen saw Abu Sir's heap of fish. They came near him to take the fish



away. Abu Sir, angry with them, waved his hand directing them to keep off his fish. At once a flash emanated from the ring and the two fishermen fell dead.

The captain saw the happening while coming to meet Abu Sir. It did not take him long to realise that what Abu Sir put on was the Sultan's ring.

He carried Abu Sir to the Sultan's court.

"Is this fellow not dead yet?" cried out the Sultan in anger.

"My lord, here is your lost ring. Now, kill me if you so like. But please tell me what my crime is," pleaded Abu Sir.

The Sultan who was extremely sad at the loss of the ring, was delighted to get it back.

"Do you know the power of this ring?" he asked.

"Yes, my lord, for two fellows gave their lives to this," said Abu Sir and reported to the Sultan what happened on the island.

The Sultan immediately understood that had Abu Sir wanted to kill him, he could have done so by the ring. He embraced him and asked him, "Do you have an enemy here?"

Even then Abu Sir did not mention Abu Kir. But upon the king's order, he narrated all

his adventures, in the course of which he said whatever Abu Kir had done to him.

The Sultan sent for the lodge-owner who had nursed Abu Sir, and Abu Kir's slaves who had beaten up Abu Sir. They confirmed Abu Sir's statements.

The Sultan then ordered for Abu Kir to be brought there as a prisoner. Before Abu Sir had any time to plead for his friend, the Sultan asked the captain to take him away and throw him into the sea. The captain carried out the order as soon as possible.

Abu Sir returned to his own land with a shipload of gifts from the Sultan.





THE SAGA OF SHIVA

Now that Shiva had decided to marry Parvati, he called the Seven Great Rishis to his presence. The rishis came along with Arundhati, the wife of Vasistha.

They greeted Shiva and said, "We are delighted that you remembered us. Please tell us how we can serve you."

"O lofty souls! I have decided to take Parvati, the daughter of Himavan, for my wife. I entrust you with the task of fixing the time for the ceremony after talking to Parvati's parents and making all the necessary arrangements."

The Rishis were extremely happy. Forthwith they proceeded to the palace of Himavan.

King Himavan and his queen, Menaka, accorded them a warm welcome, for, to see them was a rare opportunity.

"We hope, you are aware of the fact that your daughter is the incarnation of the eternal consort of Shiva. It is time that she marries Shiva and returns to Kailash," said the Rishis.

Replied Himavan, "O honoured guests, we have made up our mind to marry our daughter to Shiva, despite some people speaking against such a match. They say that Shiva has no house to live in, that the only garments he possesses are tiger-skins and serpents!"

"Don't pay heed to such foolish words. There is no question of your daughter marrying anyone but Shiva. When you are in doubt about the suitability of a candidate, you should follow King Anaranya's example and do what he had done," said Vasistha.

Upon Himavan expressing



eagerness to learn what Anaranya had done, Vasistha narrated the story:

It happened long ago. In the kingdom ruled by Anaranya lived the hermit Pippalad, who was the son of the illustrious sage, Dadhichi.

One day, Princess Padmavati, Anaranya's daughter, was bathing in a lake in the company of her maids. The lake being situated in a forest, they did not expect anyone to see them and disturb their joy.

But it so happened that Pippalad, desiring to have a dip in the lake, arrived on the bank and saw the princess. Charmed by her grace, he proceeded to

meet the king.

"O King, would you be pleased to marry your daughter to me?" he asked.

The king was in a fix. He was looking forward to have a handsome prince for his son-in-law, not a hermit! Naturally, he could not be enthusiastic with the proposal. At the same time he knew that it would be indecent to turn down the proposal at once. There was also the fear of the hermit growing angry. The anger of a sage could cause havoc!

The king had a rishi for his adviser. He was Ruchi. He whispered into the king's ear that let the princess herself decide the issue.

"O Sage, it is for my daughter to choose her husband. All I can do is to present you to her," said the king and he sent Pippalad to the apartment of the princess.

Princess Padmavati was an enlightened girl. She cared nothing for luxury. In Pippalad she recognised a great soul. She consented to marry him.

After their marriage, Padmavati left for the forest, to live in her husband's hermitage. King Anaranya was so fond of her that he soon followed

her into the forest, to live in her neighbourhood and devote himself to meditation. His eldest son succeeded him to the throne.

One day, while Padmavati was returning to her hermitage after a bath in the river, the god Dharma in the guise of a luminous youth approached her and said, "The forest is not the right place nor is a hermit the suitable husband for a beauty like you. Be pleased to follow me. I will marry you and keep you in great comfort."

Furious at Dharma's words, Padmavati blurted out a curse, "You who are so proud of your person ought to be humbled. Decay!"

Dharma got a shock. "What did you do!" he exclaimed, "I was only testing you! I never meant what I said!"

Padmavati was sorry for her

words. But a curse uttered in wrath could not be undone. Dharma's hold on time began to decay as ages passed. When it came to *Kaliyuga*, Age of Falsehood, the influence of Dharma was at its nadir! However, with the passing of *Kaliyuga*, the god was to recover his full sway again.

Vasistha, after narrating the story, concluded, "O glorious Himavan, you ought to act like Anaranya. Leave the decision to your daughter."

Needless to say, Parvati was waiting for such a moment. As soon as she formally gave her consent to her marriage with Shiva, King Himavan requested the Seven Sages to go ahead with the preparations for the ceremony. The joyous sages reported to Shiva that their mission to Himavan had been successful!





IT PAYS TO PLAY DUMB

"You windbag! You are talking and talking. Can you ever remain silent for a day?" one day Shrikant challenged his wife, Lata.

Lata no doubt loved to go on talking with the women of her neighbourhood. But she was not aware of the fact that she had become notorious as a talkative woman!

"Come what may, I am not going to open my mouth for a full day, till you are back," she announced to her husband.

Shrikant, who was going out on business, to return next day in the morning, laughed and said, "Can you really do that?"

"I am going to prove that I can," said Lata with vehemence.

It was night. Lata was alone in the house. She heard some impatient knocks on the door. As soon as she opened it, two strangers rushed in. One of them told Lata in a whisper, "We are chased by sepoys. Keep quiet if you are asked about us."

The strangers looked restless and somewhat fearful. Lata was awfully afraid. She was about to speak out. But she managed to check herself. She did not dare to stop the two fellows from entering her house either.

The two chose a dark nook and sat down. Lata was feeling the urge to shout. But she remembered her oath and kept quiet.

She was wondering if she should shut the door when two sepoys stepped onto her veranda.

"Have you by any chance seen two fellows coming this way?" asked one of them.

Lata, still determined to keep quiet, showed them the interior of her house.

But the sepoys missed the hint. They thought Lata was being courteous towards them.

"No, we have no time to relax," said the sepoys. "We are after two burglars. Have you heard footsteps of them running?"

Lata kept quiet.

"She is dumb!" a sepoy observed to his companion and the two hurriedly left.

As Lata turned into her house, she heard one of the burglars telling his friend, "Luckily, she is dumb!"

Soon the two burglars had a dispute about dividing their booty. They told Lata, "Dumb though you are, you seem intelligent. Will you please make two equal divisions of these ornaments? We will reward you for your pains."

Lata showed them a room. The burglars understood that she was feeling shy to do the needful while they looked on. They obliged her by entering the room.

At once Lata locked the room and burnt a heap of dry chillipods on the window. Its awful smoke made the burglars swoon away.

Shrikant returned in the morning and Lata told him all that passed at night. The burglars were arrested. Lata was praised by all and rewarded by the king.





THE MISER AND THE ACTOR

Prasad, the wealthy merchant of Sitapur, was preparing to go out to his shop when a stranger greeted him.

"I am an artiste. I can act..."

Prasad did not allow him to complete his sentence. "I've no business with you. You are neither blind nor deaf that I must give you alms!" Prasad said and signed the man to leave.

Next day he saw a blind man groping his way to his house, praying for alms.

"Get out. You are no dumb to deserve alms from me!" shouted Prasad.

Next day he saw a dumb man ringing a bell to attract his attention.

"Why should I give you anything? You may be dumb, but you have your feet and hands in sound condition. You can

earn a living through work," said Prasad.

Next day, while he was about to leave for his shop, his wife cried out, "A snake, a snake!"

Prasad ran into the kitchen and saw a large snake slithering away into the jumble of cooking pots. It seemed to be a cobra.

Soon the neighbours heard of it and they collected there. They excitedly enquired about the size and the colour of the snake, but nobody could make any suggestion to help Prasad get over the predicament.

Elbowing through the crowd came forward a snake-charmer. Prasad and his wife, who stood almost paralysed, looked hopeful at his sight.

"Please save us from the situation. I shall give you any fee you demand," Prasad told the snake-charmer in an appealing

tone.

"A hundred rupees?" asked the snake-charmer, looking at him meaningfully.

"Er-er-well, if that is your rate!" stammered out Prasad.

The snake-charmer played his flute. The cobra came out of its hiding and stood before him with its fearful hood raised. With a lightning move of his hand, the snake-charmer caught it in his grip and put it in his casket.

The crowd praised him. Prasad's wife sighed with relief.

"But hundred rupees is too big a fee for your service," murmured Prasad. The snake-

charmer was not willing to go satisfied with a lesser amount. They went to the village chief who heard the case with patience.

"Snake-charmer, since so many people have heard Prasad promising a hundred rupees to you, you are entitled to the amount. But don't you think that you took advantage of his predicament and demanded a high fee?" asked the chief.

"Sir, it is not only for my service as a snake-charmer that I demanded the fee, but also for a blind man and a deaf man whom he had promised to give alms," said the man.





Nobody understood what he meant.

"I am an artiste. I wanted to act and sing before him for a small fee. He could have refused to enjoy my art. But he hinted that he would pay only if I was either blind or dumb. I acted as both, but to no avail. Then I acted as a snake-charmer. Needless to say, the snake itself is my pet. I am an actor and I have acted!

I won't touch a rupee from this man. But let everybody know his nature!" announced the actor and he prepared to leave.

But the villagers requested him to stay on. They arranged a function where he showed his talent. The villagers were extremely pleased. They gave him a hundred rupees, a sumptuous dinner, and a set of clothes.



CHANDAMAMA

Steps into
10th Year
Of Publication
in July 1979

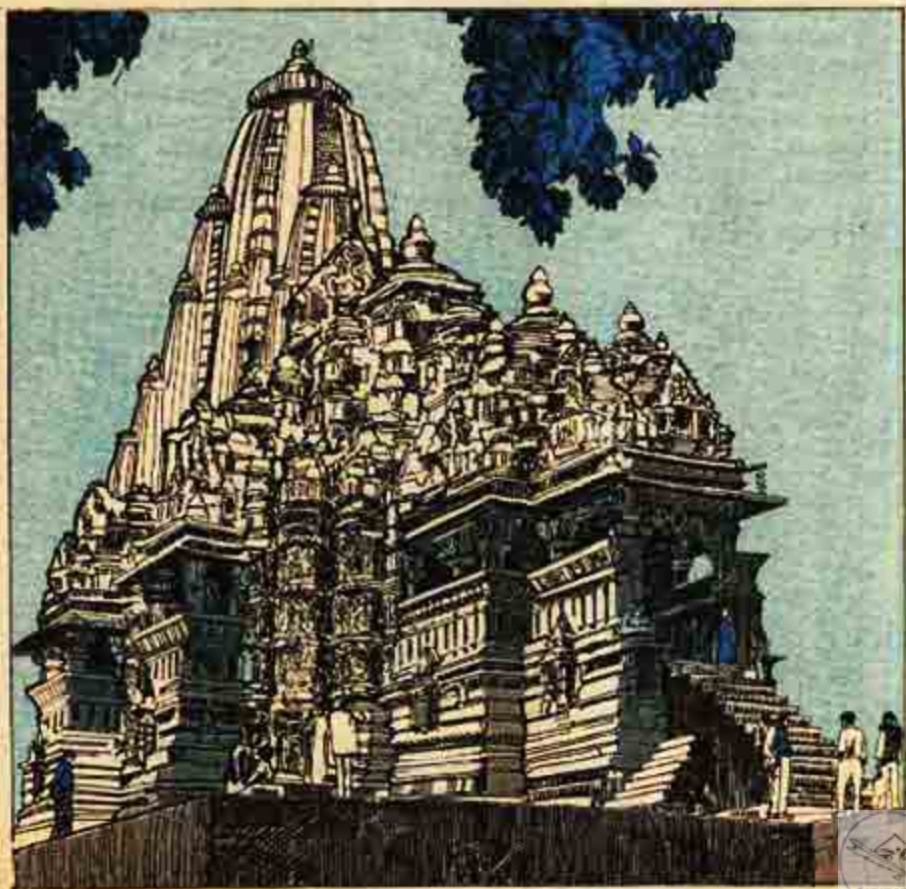
The Birthday Number will present you with a bunch of charming tales from different lands of the world, keeping pace with the spirit of the International Year of the Child.



KANDARIYA MAHADEO TEMPLE

At Khajuraho, once the seat of the powerful Chandella Kings, are to be seen a number of beautiful temples. The most lofty monument among them is the Kandariya Mahadeo Temple, built during 10th and 11th centuries.

Of the 85 temples built by the Chandella Kings, only twentytwo have survived the wear and tear of time.



THE IMMORTAL RUNNER

"Enslave Athens and bring the slaves to me!"

This was the order the Persian King, Darius, gave to his generals in 490 B.C.

A large Persian army headed towards Athens. The Athenians did not wait till the invaders reached their city. They marched forward to meet them at a place called Marathon.

Although the Persians far outnumbered the Athenians, the latter offered a valiant resistance. The Athenians lost less than two hundred of their men, while the Persians lost 6,400.

The Athenians won the battle. A soldier named Pheidippides ran from Marathon to Athens to pass on the good news to the anxious citizens. He covered 22 miles and 1,470 yards, non-stop. But, his mission fulfilled, he fell dead.

In 1896, a race bearing the name Marathon was added to the Olympic Games.





VIJAY'S DREAM

Once upon a time there was a stupid king who had two ministers named Ranjan and Bhanjan. Ranjan was wise while Bhanjan was wicked. Unfortunately, the king was guided more by Bhanjan's counsel than by Ranjan's. It was because Bhanjan knew how to please the king through flattery.

The people of the kingdom suffered much because of Bhanjan's influence on the king. They desired to get rid of him, but knew not how to.

There was a young man named Vijay. He was a nobleman's son. He took it upon himself to teach a lesson to the naughty Bhanjan. He spread a rumour that he had married

the princess!

The strange rumour infuriated the king. Vijay, when produced before him, said that he dreamt a dream in which he found himself marrying the princess. "My lord, to marry the princess is a matter of great luck—even though only in a dream. Hence, I could not contain my joy!" he declared.

"The audacious lad ought to be hanged!" blurted out Bhanjan.

"I think you are right," said the king. Then, looking at Ranjan, he asked, "But what is your opinion?"

"My lord, nobody can help dreaming. But Vijay is guilty of speaking of his dream



though it was a reality. A stern warning would do. If he repeats his folly, we can punish him," said Ranjan.

"No, no, this audacious lad deserves nothing short of death!" screamed Bhanjan.

Vijay turned to the king and said, "My lord, don't believe that I could have mustered such audacity myself. What happened in my dream is, Valluk Verma, the king of the neighbouring land, forced me to marry the princess."

"Is that so?" flared up the king. "We must attack Valluk's kingdom and kill him."

"That should be the right

course to follow," said Bhanjan.

"No, my lord, we must not rush into warfare on account of someone's dream," warned Ranjan.

But the king paid no heed to his advice. He asked his general to alert the army.

But Vijay stepped forward and said, "My lord, I have not narrated my dream fully yet. How do you think Valluk Verma compelled me to marry the princess? He first attacked our land and beheaded you. Minister Ranjan, shocked at your death, killed himself."

The king at once embraced Ranjan. "You are my true friend." Then turning to Vijay again, he asked, "And what did Bhanjan do?"

"My lord, while all your courtiers were either weeping or preparing to avenge your murder, Bhanjan fell at Valluk Verma's feet and declared that you deserved death. Valluk at once employed Bhanjan as his minister," reported Vijay.

The king looked wild. "You treacherous Bhanjan!" he shrieked, "you ought to be hanged!"

Bhanjan was seen shivering. He tried, but could not speak.

The king looked menacing.



Bhanjan broke into tears and pleaded for mercy. The king calmed down a little and asked him to leave the kingdom.

But the king had been very pleased with Vijay.

"What do you think would be the best way to reward this

young man?" he asked Ranjan.

"To marry him to the princess, my lord, since a rumour is already afoot that he had married the princess!" said Ranjan.

The king found the suggestion quite appropriate, for, Vijay came of a noble family.

Can you name the five great stories in which the objects below appear?

PUZZLE TIME



1. Don Quixote by Cervantes (tilting at windmills). 2. Le Morte d'Arthur by Sir Thomas Malory. (The return of Excalibur to the lake). 3. The Adventures of Tom Sawyer by Mark Twain (Tom white washing the fence). 4. David Copperfield by Charles Dickens. 5. Tales of Greek legend and mythology (The wooden horse at the siege of Troy).

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. P. Sundaram



Mr. Devdas Raghavar

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 25/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The prize for the April '79 goes to:

Mr. D. S. D'Souza, Pearl Houses C/14

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The Winning Entry: 'Someone to Care' — 'Burden to Bear'



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Dear Sir,

I had read some Jataka tales here and there. But, to my knowledge, never had any magazine run a series of them and that too in such simple and attractive narrative form. Also, your unusual selection of the Arabian Nights tales deserves commendation. Thanks for such planning and pains.

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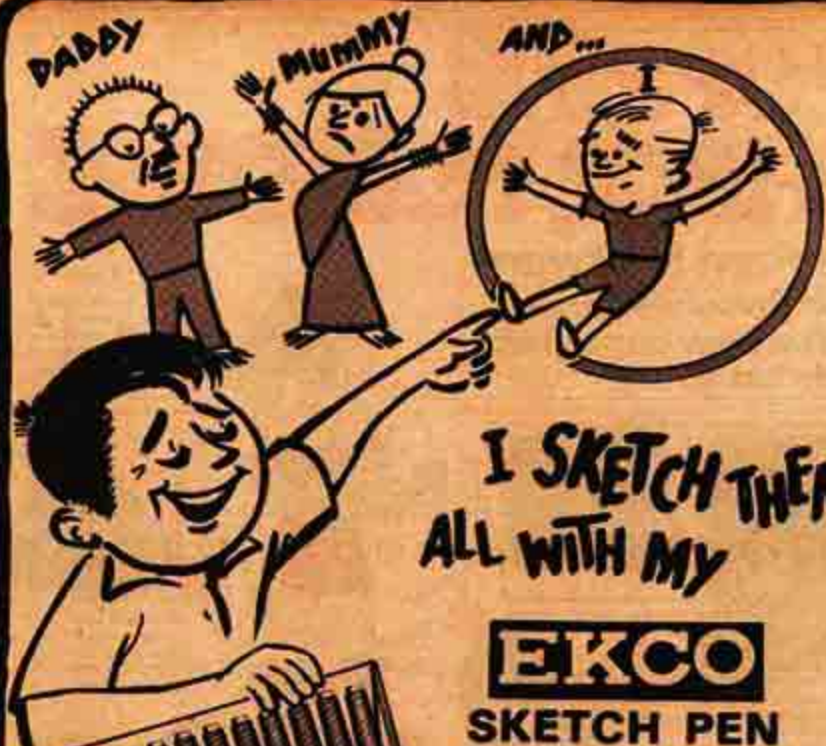


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the upright dotted line,
and unfold. Now fold the
paper in two again, but
along the other dotted
line and in the direction
of the arrows.



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